

Passing Comment on Local and Other Events

Rubaiyat

With Apologies to Omar Khayyam.

Wake! For the dwellers in the taro patch
Of fair Hawaii seek to lift the latch
Then to remove the almost rust-bound 'lid'
And from Dame Fortune yet some shekels snatch.

For he who comes from far-famed Tennessee
And puts the lid in things which ought to be
A portion of the human scheme of life
Is weighted with his new philosophy.

Before the voices of the fight-fan died
Mothought a man within a clubhouse cried
When the arena is prepared within
Why stands the owner of Old Rose outside?

Then, as the voice sang, those who stood before
The Bijou shouted: "Open now the door!"
And let us have our mind of public skill
And then depart, but to return once more."

Come, fill the ring-side with a motley throng
And leave outside where those who can't belong
The Whys and Wherefores of the fistic game
And listen to the luring of the gong.

Now the New Year, reviving old desires
Has fed the fight-fans' fiercely burning fires
And the strong arm of old Hawaiian laws
Unbends, and Geotry to Old Rose retires.

A lawyers' hui bounden by a vow
A keg of ale, a well pulled stunt and how
Can Legislation dim the ring-side fans?
O ring-side fans are satisfied now.

P. A. U., Honolulu, 1914.

Health in old Age

"Exercise in bed" has won a new victory. It has restored Senator Tillman's health, or rather elevated him from chronic invalidism to ruddy and exuberant vigor. Some years ago the distinguished South Carolinian was always falling sick. Today, in his sixty-seventh year, he boasts of his physical and mental health to his fellow senators. The other day he took advantage of a full in the proceedings of our more reverend legislative chamber to explain the cause of his abundant well-being. To begin with, he is very careful about his diet; eating nothing deleterious and not too much of what is wholesome. Deep breathing exercises keep his lungs expanded and his blood pure. A long night's sleep refreshes his strength. A daily draft of warm water, three quarts, irrigates his system. But all these are minor matters. The true source of his increasing vigor is undoubtedly the exercise he takes every morning in bed. This follows a carefully-thought-out plan and particularly applies to the muscles of the back and legs. It is so effective that it has driven rheumatism out of his system and made him young again.

Doctor Eliot, formerly President of Harvard, is another enticing specimen of mature vigor. He is now 80 years old, but to judge from his constant activities one would think him scarce 40. His alert mind is interested in everything that happens in the world. He writes astonishing radical articles on education, the labor question and everything else that comes along. His rules for keeping well and strong are even more simple than Senator Tillman's.

Doctor Eliot takes his exercise on a bicycle. Every morning he milks forth upon his wheel and fills his body with health and dewy poetry as he rolls along the bird-haunted highway. But Doctor Eliot does not ascribe any magic virtues to the bicycle. A spade would doubtless do as well. One might even try a backsaw with good hope. The main point is to make the exercise, whatever it may be, regular. This with moderate diet, seven hours of sleep with the windows open and abstinence from stimulants will keep out disease and insure a green old age.

On Way to Solve Problem

One of the residents of Bates street is improving the highway at his own expense. At his request the road department unloaded a few cubic yards of crushed stone at a convenient point and the citizen is having all the holes and ruts filled and tamped by his own laborers. He says that if more of the people in this town would follow his example, quit talking about the government as "they" and look on town work as a personal matter there would be better streets and better government.

Truths From Mr. Dooley

Every now and then a true word is spoken in the form of a jest. Finley Peter Dunne has put such words into the mouth of his imaginary "Mr. Dooley."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm a strong f'r our Mexican polley."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "In a gin'ral way it is to watch an' wait—watch till some friend of ours gets killed, and a sharp reprimand to our ally like 'Well, I declare!' or 'Tut! tut!' and this wait till it happens again."

"Our relations with Pancha is most cordial, and just what ye'd want the relations iv a great civilized ruypublic with wan iv th' most notorious burglars now in public life. It's wan of the plainest alliances this country has contracted since it took in the mikrobe of infidelity. We give him the gun; he shoots th' prisoner, an' we apologize to th' powers."

India's Barber Shops

Women are better customers than men in the barber shops of India, according to United States Consul Henry D. Baker, who is in the far east on a special commercial service. Dressing their hair pays better, because most of the white men of India shave themselves and go to the shops only for haircutting. Practically all the best shops cater for both men and women, having separate apartments for each class. The prices charged women for hairdressing are 65 cents for an ordinary morning toilet, \$1 for an evening toilet and \$1.50 for balls and other especially brilliant functions. The exportation of human hair, also, is as much a part of the business of the barber shops as hair-cutting and shaving, and is considerably more profitable.

The proprietor of a leading hair-dressing establishment in Simla, the consul writes, "mentioned to me that there is an important export business from India in human hair of native women, and that some of the leading barber shops participate in this trade, which amounts to many thousand pounds of hair exported per year. This human hair is not used locally, owing to the lack of proper curing facilities. The best customers for the human hair exported are firms in England and Germany. A limited amount also goes to the United States. It is said that the trade with the United States would be much larger except that American firms usually require the hair to be twenty-six to twenty-eight inches long, whereas most of the lengths available in India are about eighteen to twenty-four inches."

"The native hair is said to be of good texture, being superior to

Chinese hair and, in fact, about the same as European hair. It readily stands bleaching or dyeing to any shade required. Most of the native hair is said to be obtained by dealers chiefly during the especially 'holy' months of January and February, when Hindu women, particularly widows, come in large numbers to Benares and other cities on the River Ganges, which is sacred according to their religion, and either because of being in mourning for their husbands or through a desire to make sacrifices to their Hindu deities cut off their hair, usually throwing it into the stream. There it is almost invariably picked up by persons less sentimentally or religiously inclined, who sell it for whatever it will bring. It may be mentioned that all Hindu widows are obliged by custom and religion to keep their hair closely clipped, this applying even to young girls who are affianced, but not yet married, at the death of their intended husbands."

Filled Biblical Prescription

Everything is expected of druggists. A negro went into a drug store in Cincinnati a few days ago and asked to have a prescription filled. He produced his prescription, from the Bible, Exodus xxx:23-24; it called for 500 shekels of myrrh, 250 shekels of sweet cinnamon, 250 shekels of sweet calamus, 500 shekels of cassia and a hin of olive oil. The clerk was puzzled to get shekels and him reduced to terms of modern measurement, but finally succeeded, and then found that his stock of the drugs consisted only of alcoholic extracts, tinctures, etc. This was another puzzling proposition, but he decided that the best way was to use what drugs he had, boil them with olive oil and after while not. This he did; and filled the prescription to the satisfaction of his customer. The Bible says this mixture, "compounded after the art of the apothecary," shall be used as a holy anointing oil.

SOME REMARKS HIGH PRIVATE JONES

An appetizing odor of Boston baked beans pervaded the atmosphere of the mess hall as High Private Jones came in and sat down at the table for the usual Saturday feed. Reaching for the dish, he ladled out a copious helping of the steaming food onto his plate, and thereby uncovered two very, very, hard boiled eggs in the bean dish. "Now, I wonder," said Jones as he fixed an accusing eye upon Barney the kitchen cop, "if this is another of your bean jokes, or am I gettin' my Easter eggs ahead of time? What's this gag, anyhow?"

"There it goes," complained Barney. "Give a dog a bad name an' you know the rest. Now, you guys have been kiddin' me about too much sunshine ever since I loaned five bucks to a gink who came in here to borrow a few beans, but I just want to show you that some of these people are misin' too many boats. See, Honest I didn't know those eggs were in the bean dish, but I c's tell you how they got there. This mornin' the mess sergeant came in an' wanted some soft boiled eggs. Jerry was cookin' a lot of stuff on the range, so he drops 'em in the bean kettle, an' then he forgets where they were. He's been lookin' all mornin' for those eggs an' he thinks we swiped 'em."

When Jerry was led in and shown the exhibits from the bean dish he gazed at them ruefully for a moment and then broke into a grin. "Well, maybe I've been here too long, but there's a lot of other guys pullin' off some 'funny stunts,'" he said, passing the buck like Barney had. "These young guys shut got the same excuse we have, hey, Barney?"

"We're gettin' in an awful queer bunch lately I'll admit," remarked Jones, answering for Barney. "There was a couple of fellows in the hospital the other day who'd been out grazin' on castor

Small Talks

I. M. STAINBACK.—"Thus is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer."

R. M. DUNCAN.—With Sappho Barron at the helm, Lord Liese a long suffering public.

INGRAM M. STAINBACK.—Come to think of it, I don't believe Hawaii is such a bad place, after all.

FLOYD E. MATSON.—Goodbye. I am going to Hilo to watch the city grow. I don't think there is a place in the Territory can touch this town.

ARTHUR G. SMITH.—I think the next best thing to being attorney general of the Territory is to be the first deputy in that department.

D. L. CONKLING.—The worst thing about registering warrants is that we have to pay them as soon as the money gets into the territorial treasury.

ALFRED CASTLE.—As a property holder on Tantalus I am heartily in favor of opening up that magnificent stretch of mountain scenery to automobile traffic.

ED TOWSE.—It seems to me that the tourist business is a paying one when a visitor to our shores became so enamored of the Paradise of the Pacific that he has invested \$25,000 in a home here last week.

DR. A. H. HEPNER.—Hawaii should be advertised the world over as the greatest health resort on the map. The balmy climate with its cool nights and sea air has wonderful recuperative qualities for convalescents.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM.—They can say what they want about the County of Hawaii, but when the board of supervisors of the Big Island asks me to call off the proposed loan I think they have some sensible men down that way.

R. C. LYDECKER.—When tourists ask the average Honolulu where the Library of Hawaii is they are usually told that it is the building next to the Capitol. This is wrong, for the Public Archives Building is just about half way between the two.

DR. CHARLES B. COOPER.—The stand The Advertiser has taken in pointing out the foolishness of keeping the Tantalus road closed to automobile traffic is commendable and meets with the hearty approval of all residents and property holders on Tantalus heights.

CHARLES N. MARQUEZ.—Captain Berger has a naive way of getting the orchestra to play the introduction of any "Ahi Wela," and then winding up the vocal part with "Ka Nani o Hilo." It is great, I think, for malihini people, but for the kamaaina it is sure trying on the nerves.

J. N. S. WILLIAMS.—The plantations are making every effort to provide work for the laborers. All realize the necessity for keeping men at work and off the roads. To accomplish this they are giving the surplus a chance to work four days in the week. As soon as the planting season is fairly under way all the plantations will increase their payrolls.

L. L. McCANDLESS.—"What is that the Star-Bulletin says about being a quitter? In my opinion an honest cave-down shows manhood. It is a big thing for a man who has made a mistake to come out frankly and acknowledge it. If this community has entered upon a course that is beyond our immediate capacity for fulfillment it would be better to take stock and start all over again."

A. L. CASTLE.—The chamber of commerce ought to get up a list of Hawaiian industries, send it in posse and send it to President Wilson so that he can blackball everything that he does not approve of, now, once and for all. That would give us a chance to concentrate on at least one "legitimate" industry and get busy at it, if there is any left.

J. LIGHTFOOT.—"I am not a candidate for a judicial or other governmental office. I consider that Judges Whitney and Robinson have done splendid work under the rule of no Democrat available to fill the positions now held by them. If anyone here has a chance to use my name in connection with judgeships it has been without my authority. I should very much like to see C. W. Ashford appointed as first judge, however."

RAPID TRANSIT MOTORMAN 1001.—Our revered superintendent insists that all day men and night men appear at the office for a fifteen-minute lecture on the rules of the road every day at ten-forty-five and four-forty-five, so we have to give a grand day of time for which we are unpaid. Honolulu is a long way from any other town and jobs are scarce and hard to get. Nevertheless many of the car men consider their treatment by the company unfair. We give good service and return value received for the wages paid, but the "Supe" ought to learn to talk or else pay us overtime for listening to him. His half-hour talks come out of our time, but what can we say about it?

WALTER MACFARLANE.—That big rain was worth \$50,000 to our pineapple plantation. Although there was five and a half inches of precipitation the fields suffered very little wash because as soon as it commenced to rain I put 125 men out into the fields making drains and controlling the direction of the run-off. The mealy-bugs were very bad in one field and I had an order ready to post, for two or three tons of tobacco dust, the standard mealy-bug insecticide. The water rose in this field to about the height of the base of the fruit. When the water drained off I found that the pests were all drowned out as well as the ants that carry the plant-lice and scales from one pineapple plant to another. So I withheld the order for tobacco dust.

JUDGE A. S. HUMPHREYS.—A citizen just said to me: "I called during February to see a certain prominent official whose name I will not mention, but who, perhaps, you may identify, when I say that he is wont to denounce the management of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. and to predict that because of like evil practices by the very rich, our country is threatened with an upheaval which will shake it from base to capital, his voice pitched in an unsettled nasal soprano, dentally articulated, his language academically pessimistic, resembling the works of those ancient Chinese gardeners, who attempted to rival nature herself, to form cataclysms of terrific height and sound, to raise precipitous ridges of mountains and to imitate in artificial plots, the vastness and the gloom of the primeval forest and the dignity and majesty of the Matterhorn. "This official said to me," continued the citizen, "that he had been pressed to recommend for a federal position an applicant possessing a record of national consequence, and that he had told the applicant himself, that he could not endorse him without insulting the national administration and expecting his own resignation to be called for. You can imagine my astonishment," said this citizen, "when I learned, a few days ago that this applicant had been sent to Washington an earnest request that this applicant be appointed to the office which he desires. From this I infer that the official mentioned, who made to two other gentlemen the same statement which he made to me, is awaiting a call for his resignation or that he intends to beat them to it by sending it in. At any rate, my wife's cousin, who was formerly the leading undertaker at Coteau Falls, Kansas, is now third assistant janitor of the Patent Office Building, and I have called him to present the matter to the President; and if I can borrow enough from my friend McCarn on my watch to pay my passage, second class, I'll go to Washington myself."

Honolulu, April 11th, 1914.



All the world is laughing, joy is in the air.
Gladness is life's keynote—gladness everywhere.
Laughing, laughing, laughing, the bird upon the wing.
The bee beside the blossom and the ripple on the spring.

Yesterday was sadness, yesterday was care—
Pain was just as poignant in this latter year
As when unto Golgotha the cruel cross was borne
As when earth's sublimest brow bled beneath the thorn

Yesterday on his great love marveling we pondered
And with Mary Magdalene to that still grave
wandered:
Spite the things we said and heard, spite the things
we read.

In our minds was e'er the thought—Jesus, Jesus—
dead!

Wake we to the wondrous charm of an Easter morn:
Caroling of skylarks and a happiness new born.
All the past behind us, all life's hope ahead.
The Master come to glory and the powers of evil fled.

Laughing, laughing, laughing, moves the world along.
With graciousness transfigured and in each heart
a song:

Death flees, shorn of its terrors; the future brightly
glows
And faith and hope ride proudly forth with lilies on
their brows.

Ten-Dollar Shoes

It is stated by a manufacturer of shoes that if Congress passes the proposed bill making it unlawful to put anything but leather in shoes, unless they are branded as "Adulterated," the cost a pair is likely to reach \$10 in the near future, without the shoe being the least bit better for the wearer. This same bill was introduced at Harrisburg, but the committee voted it down after a full investigation.

If the law meant that only leather should be used for soles and uppers there would be no objection to it. We are informed that in most heels there is considerable composition used which is better for wearing purposes than the former heels made out of small pieces of waste leather, that some composition leather is used for the inner sole, where it serves all the purpose of tanned leather. And there are some other artifices used which, so it is declared, do not in the least affect the wearer save as it gives him equally good shoes at a less price than would otherwise be possible.

Certainly this country does not want to see the price of shoes increase. Free leather has had no beneficial effect. Without pretending to any expert knowledge on the subject, the Inquirer would suggest to Congress that it be very careful in prescribing the exact requirements for manufacturing shoes. It will thus be entering upon a business which may lead it to intolerable lengths. If the new law is desirable it certainly is up to the proponents to prove it. It is a question of fact and not of theory.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

beans. Notice how these beans figure prominent around here about every day? But that ain't the worst. There was a kid from the artillery out guardin' a prisoner a few days back, an' they told him to be pretty careful with the gink an' not let him get away. Well it got on his mind bad. While he's takin' his four hours off on his bunk in the guardhouse that night he gets the willies right, yells 'huh, jerks out his gut an' shoots a toe off his bloomin' foot."

"Well, for the love of Mike," exclaimed Barney, "those people should be disarmed if that's the best they c'n do. Taint safe to be around such folks if they're goin' to let 'em carry real weapons an' wear 'em when they go to sleep."

"Well, it would be all right," cut in Jones, "if they armed 'em with sardine boxes like that black hold-up gink chased those six jobs up the road with the other night. That's absolutely the rotten performance to date. Think of it. Chased six of 'em, count 'em—one, two, three, four, five, six, with an empty sardine can. Can you beat that?" queried Barney. "I guess they must want to live long enough to get their seven years in."

All Countries Represented

H. P. Wood, secretary of the promotion committee, is a postmaster himself, speaking of such like jobs. At the rooms they carry an average of two hundred letters and two hundred and fifty packages awaiting tourists. The other morning a committee man dropped in and inquired about this unlicensed business. Responded Mr. Jordan: "Four callers in the last half hour: all ladies—one from England, one from India, one from the United States and one from Boston."

Biggest in the World

By E. S. Goodhue, M. D.

Now big things are in America! I'm lost in the immensities. Everywhere there is a rush—ward they go, the crowds and crowds, hastening to pleasure as well as work.

You hear the talk: five thousand, ten, twenty, one hundred thousand, strikes your ears.

"I made \$8,000 last year," I heard a Portuguese say to his companion on the ferry-boat.

"Give me \$50,000," a man said to the cashier presenting his letter of credit, and I stood by for my paltry \$50.00.

Noise everywhere, loud talk, systematic boom. Tremendous, magnificent, palatial—how the very words are flung around! "Biggest in the world," "Can't be beat," "none like it," are the daily reverberations of brag—dear me, where are the revolving spheres and the immensities of space, I wonder! None think of them any more, or have time to consider the measureless things of time and eternity!

For my part, I long for the "horrid shade" and sweet Virgilian recesses again.

After all there are things of value to life besides Promotion and Ad. Clubs, and all the whirl of strenuous activities. They are right and I take off my hat to them; yet they are not ALL.
San Francisco, February 12, 1914.